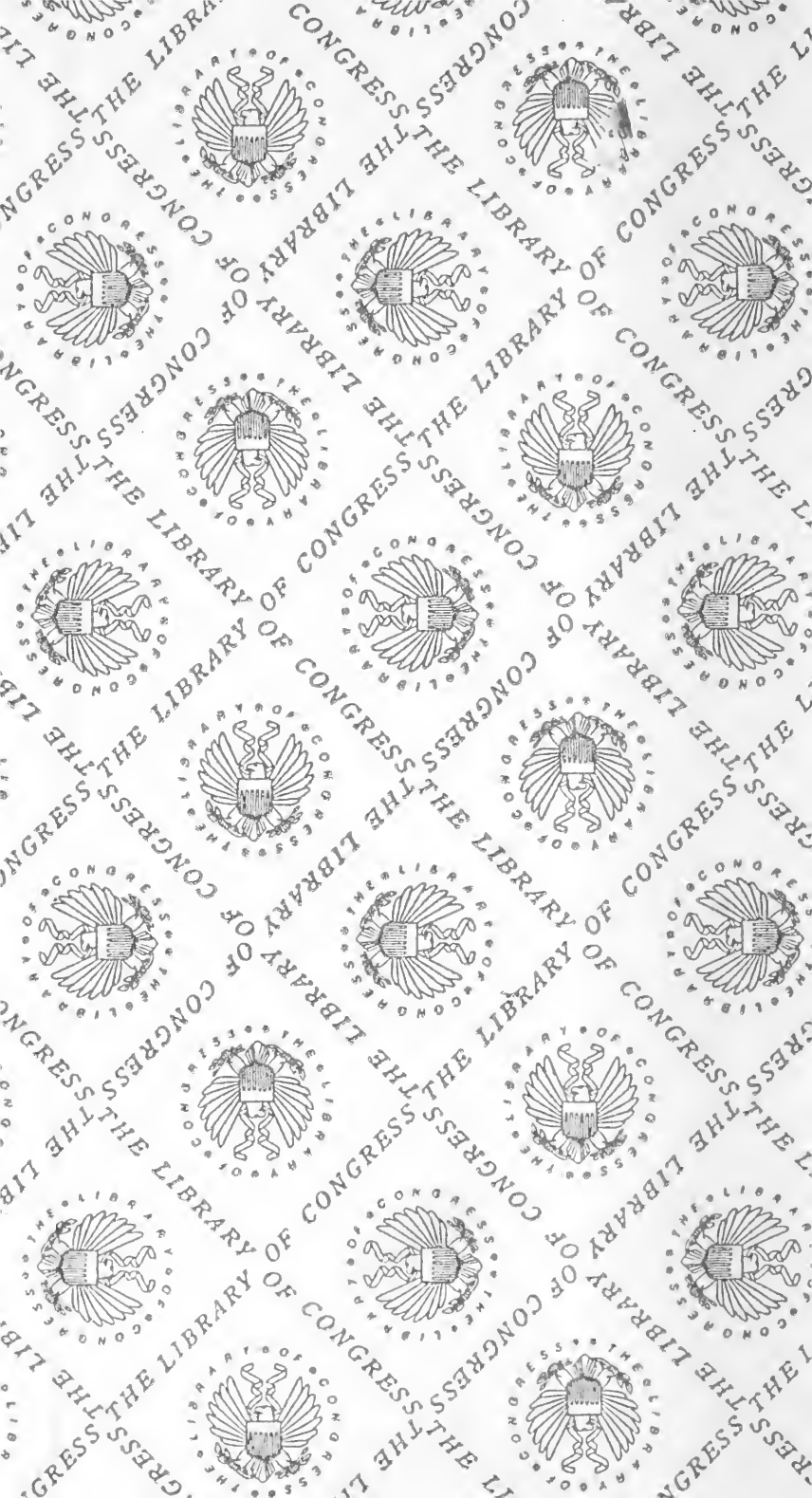


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1845







POETRY FOR SEAMEN.



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M.C.

POETRY

FOR

SEAMEN.

BY

Yale
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MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.



BOSTON:

JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

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PREFACE.

ONE of the pleasant features of our own times, is an increasing sympathy for those whose home is on the wave. It is surprising that they should have been so long neglected or forgotten; for it is scarcely possible to make a voyage without feeling an interest in those on whose exertions its comfort and safety depend.

With a fair wind and favoring tide, when the ship holds on her way like a thing of life, the skill of those who guide, and the dexterity of those who obey, afford subject for curious observation. But in the storm, on the reef, or among the icebergs, their patient endurance of hardship, and generous forgetfulness of self, are deeply affecting. Such memories have moved to the composition of the following simple poems, and highly will their writer be gratified, if either in the

cabin or forecastle, they might be found worthy to awaken a salutary thought of home and country, or of the Great Ruler of earth and sea.

L. H. S.

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THE SISTER'S FAREWELL

TO THE SAILOR-BOY.

SINCE where waves are gliding
And the tall ship riding

Thou dost choose to dwell,
Where the sea-bird screameth,
And the bright flag gleameth,
Brother, fare thee well.

Where the orchard shineth,
Where the grape-vine twineth,
Or the nut-tree laden,
Thou, while song-birds waken,
Hast with strong arm shaken
For some bright-eyed maiden, —

Where in summer weather,
Oft we 've played together,
 'Neath the old oak tree,
With our dog beside us,
While no sorrow tried us,
 I 'll remember thee.

Where the brook is sheenest,
And the leaves are greenest,
 In the forest fair,
With a sad emotion,
Rover of the ocean,
 I shall miss thee there.

When dark skies are pouring,
And loud tempests roaring,
 Sea-boy, wilt thou be
High among the shrouds,
Wet by dripping clouds,
 Thinking then of me?

Should temptations try thee,
Bid the evil fly thee,
 Making God thy guide :
Dearest sailor brother,
Let us love each other,
 Whatsoe'er betide.

Heavy night-winds swelling
 Round our quiet dwelling,
 Shall thy form restore :
Thinking of the billow,
On my restless pillow,
 I 'll for thee implore.

Oh God ! to whom we cried
Our cradle beds beside,
 When life was free from pain ;
From the storms above him,
To the hearts that love him,
 Bring him safe again.

TOM HARDY.

TOM HARDY was a merry lad,
His pleasant face made others glad,
Like suns that cloudless shine ;
Aloft he ran with right good will,
The topsail reefed with ready skill,
And snugly clewed the line.

Obedient still at every call,
And friendly to his messmates all,
For others' pain he felt ;
And ever neatest of the crew,
On Sundays, in his jacket blue,
At morning prayers he knelt.

No draught he took to cheer his mind,
The temperance pledge he early signed,
Nor from that promise roved ;
In every duty free from blame,
Blow high, blow low, 't was all the same,
Still happy and beloved.

But once, upon a sickly shore,
The burning fever smote him sore,
And when we shipped again,
Still to his sad disease a prey,
He wasted like the snow away,
And all our care was vain.

So, with weak hand, he took the key
From out his chest, and gave it me :
“ This to my mother take,
My little all to her I leave,
And tell her not too much to grieve,
For her lost sea-boy's sake.

Here is the Bible that she gave,
It was my compass on the wave
 When prosperous skies were fair ;
And now, when darksome billows roll,
It is an anchor to my soul,
 That drives away despair.

Cut from my temples, when I 'm dead,
A curling lock of hair, he said,
 For my sweet Mary dear :
I know she 'll truly mourn for me,
Who slumber in the far, deep sea,
 No more her voice to hear.

And now, my peace with God is made,
So, not of the last foe afraid,
 I meet a watery grave ;
For near me, with an outstretched hand,
I see my blest Redeemer stand,
 My parting soul to save."

Bright rose the morn, but cold as lead
Lay poor Tom Hardy, pale and dead ;
 Though yet a smile of joy
Sate on his face, while sad and true
The roughest tar amid the crew
 Mourned for the sailor-boy.

Now, sometimes while my watch I keep
At lonely midnight, on the deep,
 When all is calm and clear,
I seem to hear his well-known voice,
“Oh messmate, make your God your choice,
 And to His haven steer.”

THE WHALER'S SONG.

THERE she lies! — There she lies!
Like a mountain-isle on Ocean's breast.
“*Where away?*” Just three points west,
Where the white surge meets the skies.
Head the vessel! Trim the sail!
Let us see this mighty whale.

There she blows! — There she blows!
Man the boats! for nothing stay!
Such a prize we cannot lose,
Stretch to your oars! away! away!

Grapple closer, careful steer,
Launch the harpoon, laugh at fear,
Plunge it deep, the barbed spear,
Strike the lance, in swift career,
Give her line ! Give her line !
Down she goes, through the foaming brine,
Sponge the side, where the flying coil
Marks the monster's speed and toil ;
But though she dives to the deepest ground,
Which the plummet fails to sound,
'T is all in vain ! All in vain !
She hath that within her side,
Will surely bring her up again.

Spout ! Spout ! Spout !
The waves are maddening all about,
Every billow on its head
Strangely wears a crest of red ;
How she lashes the seething main,
In her flurry and her pain ;

Take good heed, my hearts of oak,
Of her terrible flukes, as she tortured lies,
Lest they hurl us to the skies:
But lo! the pride of her strength is broke,
Heavy she lies, as a mass of lead,
The mighty-monarch whale is dead!

Row! Row! Row!
In our ship she must go,
Changed by fire to a liquid stream,
Over the broad Pacific's swell,
Round Cape Horn, where the tempests dwell,
Many a night and many a day,
Home with us, she must sail away,
Till we joyful hail once more,
Old Nantucket's treeless shore;
There when the fair whom we love to please,
Sit by the fireside at their ease,
Let them remember, if they will,
The hardy tar, who on seas afar
Risked his life their lamp to fill.

INTEMPERANCE.

THERE 's a draught that causeth sadness,
 Though of mirth it seems the friend ;
To the brain it mounts in madness,
 And in folly hath its end.

'Neath its sway the sailor reeleth,
 Helpless, abject and forlorn ;
All his good resolves it stealeth,
 Every duty bids him scorn ;

Gives the land-sharks power to fleece him,
 All his hard-earned wages keep,
Or unwillingly release him
 From worse shipwreck than the deep.

To his household-hearth it creepeth,
And the fire in winter dies ;
There, a lonely woman weepeth,
While the famished infant cries.

Bloated form and brow it bringeth,
Limbs that totter to and fro,
And at last like scorpion stingeth,
To an agony of woe.

Round the landsman's feet it weaveth
Snares that blind his eyes in gloom,
Sin it sows, and shame receiveth,
Frowns of hate, and deeds of doom.

Bitter words of strife it teacheth,
Striketh kind affections dead ;
Even beyond the grave it reacheth,
To the judgment-bar of dread.

Have we any room to doubt it,
When its evil fruits we see?
Messmates! let us do without it,
Break its thralldom and be free.

Hath not life enough of sorrow,
Sickness, anguish, and decay,
That we needs must madly borrow
Thorns to plant its shortening way?

There 's a draught that heaven distilleth,
Pure as crystal from the skies,
Freely, whosoever willeth,
May partake it, and be wise.

HYMN AT SEA.

God of the ever-rolling deep,
In Thee is all our trust,
Who biddest the mighty surges sweep,
Yet spare a child of dust.

God of the strong, unfathomed tide,
Whose billows wild and dread
May wreck the pomp of human pride,
And overwhelm it with the dead,

Oh grant us, as the dove of old
Unto the ark did flee,
As seeks the lamb the shepherd's fold,
To find repose in Thee.

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS AT SEA.

SWEEPING wide o'er ocean's foam,
Far from native land and home,
Midnight's cloud without a ray,
Darkening o'er our venturous way,
While the mountain-wave is rolling,
And the ship's bell faintly tolling,
Saviour ! on the boisterous sea,
Let us rest secure in Thee.

Blast and surge, contending hoarse,
Drive us on with headlong force,
And the ship, which tempests urge,
Groans and trembles at their scourge ;

Yet if wildest tempests swell,
Be thou near, and all is well;
Saviour! on the stormy sea
Bid us seek our strength in Thee.

Countless wrecks are spread below,
Where with lonely keel we go;
Gentle forms, and bosoms brave,
Ocean's floor, like jewels pave.
If with them in briny deep
It should be our lot to sleep,
Saviour, from the whelming sea
Snatch our ransomed souls to Thee.

THE SAILOR'S APPEAL.

Ho ! dwellers on the stable land,
Of danger what know ye,
Like us, who brave the thundering blast,
Upon the boisterous sea ?
The green trees shade you from the sun,
You see the harvests grow,
And breathe the fragrance of the gale,
Where the first roses blow.

You slumber long on beds of down,
In curtained chambers warm,
Lulled only to a deeper dream
By the descending storm ;

While high amid the slippery shroud
 We find our midnight path,
Where even the strongest mast is bowed
 Before the tempest's wrath.

But still ye never taste the joy
 That cheers our ocean-strife,
When on her way, our gallant bark
 Rides like a thing of life ;
When gaily toward the wished-for port
 With favoring wind we stand,
Or first your misty line descry,
 Hills of our native land !

There's deadly peril in our path,
 Beyond the wrecking blast,
A peril that may reach the soul
 When life's short voyage is past ;

Send us your Bibles when we go
To dare the whelming wave,
Your men of prayer to teach us how
To meet a watery grave.

And Saviour ! thou whose foot sublime
The foaming surge did tread,
Whose hand the rash disciple drew
From darkness and the dead,
Be Thou our Ark when floods descend,
When thunders shake the spheres,
Our Ararat when tempests end,
And the green earth appears.

CHILD IN A STORM.

THE good ship o'er the ocean,
Glides on, where skies are bright,
And rolling waves right merrily
Propel her homeward flight ;
But lo ! the angry tempests
Rush from their prisoning cell,
The rocky coast frowns dark and dread,
The wintry surges swell.

'T is night ! Amid the breakers
The headlong vessel goes,
And shrieking, like a wounded man,
Strives with her vengeful foes ;

Pale grows the boldest mariner,
For scarce the trumpet's cry
Is heard amid contending blasts,
Whose warfare shakes the sky.

How fearful is the tumult,
The cry, the wail, the prayer,
Wild mingling with the deafening storm
In echoes of despair :
But in the lowly cabin,
Rocked by the raging sea,
There calmly sat a beauteous boy,
Upon his mother's knee.

He sang a hymn of heaven,
Then spoke so sweetly mild,
"The Bible saith our Saviour dear
Doth love the little child ;

It telleth of a happy home
Beyond the stormy sky ;
Mother ! He 'll take us there to dwell,
We 're not afraid to die."

His smile was pure and peaceful
As the pearl beneath the deep,
When the booming battle thunders,
Across its bosom sweep ;
Hoarse came the words of horror
From men of sinful life,
While innocence, with soul serene,
Beheld the appalling strife.

Morn ! Morn ! — The clouds are breaking,
The tempest's wrath is o'er,
The shattered bark moves heavily
To reach the welcome shore ;

Hushed is the voice of thunder,
And quelled the lightning's flame,
For prayer had touched the gate of heaven,
And listening Mercy came.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

HAIL distant mountain ! rearing dim
O'er my loved land, thy lofty head,
How welcome is thy sight to him
So long by chart and compass led ;
Speck though thou art, and wrapped in haze,
Right pleasant 't is on thee to gaze.

I 've marked the lordly Teneriffe
Rise with rough forehead from the sea,
Gay songsters warbling round the cliff,
Rich strains of dulcet melody ;
Yet rather would my longing ear
The wild birds of my country hear.

I 've sailed where Chimborazo towers
Amid old Andes' giant chain,
And where the bright Brazilian flowers
Pour living fragrance o'er the plain ;
But sweeter is the clustering vine
That doth my lowly porch entwine.

I 've roamed where Himmaleh aspires
With snowy crest o'er Indian vales,
And where perfumed from spicy groves
The freighted vessel fills her sails ;
But dearer far yon mountain hoar,
Blest herald of my native shore.

THE HEROIC SAILOR.

The circumstances here related, took place during the great fire in the city of New York, on the night of December 16th, 1836.

It was a fearful night !

The fire devouring spread

From roof to roof, from street to street,

And on their treasures fed ;

Hark ! 't is a mother's cry,

Shrill mid the tumult wild,

As rushing toward her flame-wrapped home,

She shrieks, " My child ! my child ! "

A wanderer from the wave,

A sailor marked her woe,

And in his feeling bosom woke

The sympathetic glow, —

Quick up the cleaving stairs,
With daring step he flew,
Though sable clouds of stifling smoke
Concealed him from their view.

The astonished crowd beheld
His bold, adventurous part,
And while they for his safety feared,
Admired his noble heart, —
For blazing timbers fell
To choke his dangerous road,
And the far chamber where he groped
Like reeking oven glowed.

How loud the exulting shout !
When from that mass of flame,
Unhurt, unshrinking, undismayed,
The brave deliverer came, —

While in his victor arms
A smiling infant lay,
Pleased with the flash that round his bed
Had wound its glittering ray.

The mother's speechless tears
Forth like a torrent sped,
Yet ere the throng could learn his name
That generous hero fled ;
Not for the praise of man
He wrought this deed of love,
But on a bright, unfading page,
'T is registered above.

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

A HOME I have on land,
A humble one, and low,
But there my best beloved friend
Remembereth me, I know ;
And she will teach, with glowing cheek,
Our babe its father's name to speak.

I keep my lonely watch
At midnight's solemn hour,
And when the rushing waves go by
With wild resistless power,
A spirit whispereth from their foam,
“ O Sailor ! Sailor ! welcome home ! ”

'T is often in my thoughts,
That quiet home and fair,
And in my sea-rocked dream I see
The infant sleeping there ;
And tears that from his mother's eye
Gushed when I bade them both good bye.

Upon their love I muse,
When wrathful tempests roar,
And heavenward lift the earnest prayer,
To see their face once more ;
And joyful join the happy band
Whose home is in my native land.

HOPE IN GOD.

APPEAR for my defence, my God,
And let thy shield be spread
Around the sailor's lonely heart,
And unprotected head.

Thine are the ocean and the land,
And man's frail dying race,
While those who walk in pride, thy hand
Is able to abase.

Let not my hope in thee be crossed,
Who have no help beside,
Nor on the winds my prayer be lost,
Thou Everlasting Guide !

But bid thy mercy and thy love
 Encompass me around,
And thoughts of heavenly comfort prove
 A balm for every wound.

Uphold me in temptation's field,
 Where I am called to go,
Nor let my feeble spirit yield
 To earthly sin and woe.

For though the wildest storms may rise,
 And darkness rule the sphere,
The hope that anchors in the skies
 Hath nought to do with fear.

LESSON OF THE SEA.

Go down unto the sea,
Where white-winged navies ride,
Whose mighty pulses heave so free
In strong, mysterious tide ;
Deep in whose coral-cells
Where sunless forests weep,
So many a wandering child of earth
Hath laid him down to sleep.

Go forth upon the sea,
And at the break of morn,
Teach its young waves the words of prayer,
Before the day is born ;

And when the night grows dim,
 Beguile the billows wild,
With the holy hush of thine evening-hymn,
 As the mother lulls her child.

Go, bow thee to the sea,
 When the heavy breakers roar,
And a meek-hearted listener be
 To all their fearful lore ;
And learn when tempests lower
 The lesson of the wave,
“ One Voice alone can curb our power,
 One Arm alone can save.”

Go homeward from the sea,
 When its trial-hour is past,
With deeper trust in Him who rules
 The billow and the blast ;

And should the charms of earth
Around thy bosom creep,
Forget not in thine hour of mirth
The wisdom of the deep.



LINES

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THIRTY YEARS FROM HOME."

SON of the Sea! through many a clime
Hardship and toil have marked thy way,
The thundering battle steeped in blood,
And the wild tempest's fearful sway.

But now, thy peaceful hearth beside,
Thy happier lot it is to see
Domestic comfort flourish fair,
And yield its cherished fruits to thee.

Forget not in thy daily prayer
To praise the Hand that safely led
Thee through the perils of the wave,
And snares of sin thy path that spread.

Son of the Sea! thy choice is made,
Fast by thy Saviour's cross to cling;
So mayst thou reach His haven blest,
And join the triumphs of thy King.

PRAYERS AT SEA.

PRAYER may be sweet in cottage homes,
Where sire and child devoutly kneel,
And through the open casement nigh
The vernal blossoms gently steal.

Prayer may be sweet in stately halls,
Where heart with kindred heart is blent,
And upward to the Eternal Throne
The hymn of praise melodious sent.

But he, who fain would know how strong
The soul's appeal to God may be,
From friends and native land should turn,
A wanderer o'er the faithless sea ;

Should hear its deep imploring tone

Rise upward o'er the thundering surge,

When breakers threat the reeling bark,

And winds with waves their conflict urge.

No spot on which his foot can rest,

No refuge where his form may flee,

How will he cling, O Rock divine,

And bind his anchoring soul to Thee.

PARTING.

Not of the boisterous wave,
Not of the tempest's power,
Not of the rent and cleaving bark,
Speak at this sacred hour.

God of the trusting soul !
God of the sailor, hear !
And from our parting cup of love
Wring out these dregs of fear.

Art thou a God at home,
Where the bright fireside smiles,
And not abroad, upon the deep,
Mid danger's deadliest wiles ?

What though the eyes so dear
To distant regions turn,
Their tender language in our hearts
Like cherished flame shall burn.

What though the voice beloved
Reply not to our pain,
We 'll keep its music in our souls,
Until we meet again.

Farewell! May angel-guards
Protect thy wave-rocked sleep,
Nor shall our nightly prayers forget
The sailor on the deep.

DRINKING SONG.

DRINK, friends, the parting hour draws nigh,
Drink, and forget your care,
The sultry summer-noon is high,
Drink, and your strength repair ;
The farmer with his toil-brown hands,
The soldier, tired of slaughter,
The camel mid the burning sands,
Drink deep the crystal water.

Our father Sun the example gives,
Our mother Earth also ;
He, jocund drinks, above the cloud,
She, thirsting, drinks below :
Drink friends, drink deep, before we part,
To loving wife, or daughter,
Or bright-eyed maid who rules your heart,
Drink deep, but *only water*.

"I WENT TO SEA."

I AM a sailor, rough and bold,
And yet my boyhood fair,
Was nurtured in a pleasant home,
By parents' tender care ;
But at their hearth or by their side
I had no mind to be,
E'er since I heard a story told
Of one who went to sea.

I sat in school, but book and rule
Still no instruction brought,
The snowy sail and foaming flood
So filled my roving thought ;

And when on quiet pillow laid,
There was no rest for me,
For every fleeting vision sung
The music of the sea.

My father bade me learn a trade,
Or till the fallow land,
And told how healthful toil would heap
The silver in my hand ;
But when he died, I felt, alas !
From all allegiance free,
And though my widowed mother wept,
I left her for the sea.

've sailed where arctic oceans spread,
And icy mountains frown,
And the fierce fire of tropic suns
Hath burnt my forehead brown ;

I've sailed among the Indian isles,
Where grows the spicy tree,
And where the broad La Plata rolls,
Rich tribute to the sea.

I've climbed the shroud when storms blew
loud,
And every star was dead,
And winter in the midnight cloud
Had muffled up her head ;
I've seen our good ship go to wreck,
For such was heaven's decree,
And in the boat, mid breakers white,
Have dared the raging sea.

Yet still that Pilot, who the helm
Of this round world doth guide,
Preserved me when the jaws of death
Were yawning dark and wide ;

Though when the blast was safely past,
Too oft in sailor glee,
This too ungrateful heart forget
The Ruler of the sea.

But, blessed day ! a holy man
To me a Bible gave,
That life-boat to the struggling wretch,
Who darkly beats the wave ;
And now its blest and warning voice,
Doth speak good words to me,
Whene'er my midnight watch I keep
Upon the lonely sea.

And then, my mother's image comes
So pitiful and meek,
As when with streaming eyes she stood
Her last farewell to speak ;

When from her pleasant cottage door
I made such haste to flee,
And in my wilful mood forsook
Her kindness for the sea.

That Book divine, which bids us shun
The dread undying flame,
Doth strictly for our parent-guides,
A filial reverence claim ;
But mother, mother, kind and dear,
How have I honored thee ?
With many a pang I paid thy love,
Before I went to sea.

God give me grace to see her face,
And sooth her sorrowing care,
And freely with her feeble age
My honest pittance share ;

And once more bending by her side,
On the repentant knee,
Hear her fond lips rejoicing bless
The wanderer from the sea.

THE SAILOR'S SICK CHILD.

Come, mother, sit beside my bed,
And of my father tell,
On the deep ocean far away,
Where foaming billows swell ;
I wish that he were with us now,
While sick and faint I lie,
'T were good to hear his loving voice,
And bless him ere I die.

Mother, it troubles me to see
Those stranger-ladies come,
And urge you so to leave my side,
And work for them, at home ;
Methinks they coldly gaze on me,
And shake their heads, and say,
How feeble and how pale I grow,
And waste, and waste away.

And oh, it grieves my heart to think,
From morn to evening shade,
That you so oft for them must toil,
And have from me no aid ;
And then, with tender words, you say,
You wish it were not so,
But I should have no food or fire,
Unless you sometimes go.

When slow the sunset fades away,
And twilight mists appear,

The sound of your returning step
Is music to my ear ;
How happy are those children dear,
Who, on their couch of pain,
Behold a mother always near,
But still, I'll not complain.

There 's nought on earth I love so much
As your dear face to see,
And now, indeed, the time is short
We can together be ;
Still draw me closer to your side,
And to your bosom fold,
For then my cough I do not heed,
Nor feel the winter's cold.

Yet when the storm is loud and wild,
I cover up my head,
And pray Almighty God to save
My father from the dead ;

So, in his lonely midnight watch
Upon the tossing sea,
Perhaps beneath the solemn stars
He will remember me.

I know I cannot see him more,
I feel it must be so,
But he can find my little grave,
Where early spring flowers blow ;
And you will comfort all his cares,
When I in heaven shall be ;
But mother, dearest ! when I die,
Oh ! be alone with me.

THE SHIPWRECK.

THE good ship on the iceberg struck,
Where northern seas were high,
And midnight with her ebon veil
Enwraapt the starless sky ;
It struck ! what moment was there then
To waste in sorrow's strife,
When but one bold adventurous rush
Remained 'tween death and life !

The boat ! the boat ! it launches forth
Upon the mountain wave,
And leaping throngs with frantic haste,
Essay its power to save ;

A fragile thing, it tossing strove
Amid the wrathful tide,
And deep, unuttered pangs were theirs
Who left that vessel's side.

A moonbeam pierced the heavy cloud !
O God ! what sight was there !
Who stood upon that fated deck,
In calm and mute despair !
A gentle maiden, just aroused
From slumber soft and dear,
Stretched her white arms in wild amaze,
But found no helper near.

In fond adieu her hand she waved,
As if some friend she blessed,
Then closer drew her snowy robe
Around her youthful breast,

And upward, to the darkened heavens
 Imploring glances cast,
While her rich curls profusely fell,
 And floated on the blast.

All sudden, from his wildering trance,
 A manly form did start,
While a loud, agonizing cry
 Burst from his laboring heart ;
His bloodless lip was deadly cold,
 Strange lustre filled his eye,
“How can I bear a brother’s name,
 Yet leave thee thus to die !”

He plunged, the crested wave he ruled,
 He climbed the cloven deck,
And clasped her, as the thundering surge
 Swept o’er the heaving wreck ;

“ Sweet sister, ’t is thy brother’s voice,
His cheek is pressed to thine,
Together childhood’s path we trod,
Thy last dread couch be mine ! ”

Still looked the moon with pitying eye,
All lone and silent down,
Encircling them with holy light,
As with a martyr’s crown,
Then shrank behind her fleecy veil ;
Hoarse shrieked the impetuous main,
The deep sea closed, and where were they ?
Go ask the angel train !

Ah ! noble hearts that night were whelmed
Beneath the billows high,
And temples white with honored years,
And woman’s love-lit eye,

And clinging to its mother's breast,
In visions soft and deep,
Unwakened innocence went down
Amid the pearls to sleep.

The slumberers, they who sank that hour
Without a struggling breath,
With whom the unbroken dream of life
So melted into death, —
Say, turned they not in deep amaze
To seek the scenes of time,
When first eternity's dread shore
Spread out in pomp sublime ?

Wo, wo was with the living heart !
In many a smitten home,
Where in the garniture of grief
The weeping inmates come ;

Round many a lonely hearthstone
Shall memory's touch restore
The image of the loved and lost,
Who must return no more.

The eye that saw that iceberg dread
Come drifting darkly down,
Destruction in its wintry breath
And on its fearful crown ;
The ear that heard the deadly crash,
And thunder of the wave,
Can never lose the bitter trace
But in the oblivious grave.

The rescued man to listening groups
Shall tell the shuddering tale,
And mute affection clasp his hand,
And childhood's cheek be pale ;

And while with quickened heart they bless
The great Deliverer's care,
The iceberg and the buried ship,
Shall wake their tearful prayer.

HYMN FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.*

Sons of the boisterous sea,
With grateful hearts we share
The blessings of this happy land,
Which heaven hath made its care ; —

* Sung by sailors, at their boarding-house in New York, on
Thanksgiving day, 1844.

Whose glorious flag is borne
High o'er the ocean's breast,
Whose strong-winged eagle proudly makes
Among the stars his nest.

Not with the cup that drains
Our best resolves away,
And leaves its poison in our veins,
We keep the feast to-day.

But from the hateful cloud
Of dark intemperance free,
We praise the Giver of our joys,
Who ruleth land and sea;—

Who saved us when the surge
Rolled high in threatening pride,
And from the shipwreck and the blast,
When many a comrade died.

And if in Christian love
His precepts we obey,
The whole of future life may prove
One blest Thanksgiving day.

PRAYER IN SICKNESS.

OH Thou, whose healing touch
So oft the sick did save,
When thou didst dwell with men below,
And tread the raging wave ;

In weakness and in woe,
I bow my drooping head,
Oh ! give the pitying angels charge
To watch my lonely bed.

Be with me, while the hours
In speechless suffering roll,
And make each pain a teacher, Lord,
Unto my sinful soul.

Should vigorous health once more
Reanimate my frame,
Inspire me with a purer zeal
To glorify Thy name.

Thy precepts to obey
My roving heart incline,
And grant that both in life and death
Thy holy will be mine.

DELIVERANCE FROM DANGER.

RULER of the earth and sky,
Who the mighty deep doth hold
In the hollow of Thy hand,
By thy slightest word controlled ;

Who the stormy winds dost curb,
Rushing on their midnight path,
And the reeling vessel save
From the tempest of their wrath ;

Thou from shipwreck and despair
Didst our souls in safety set,
When all human help was vain,
May we ne'er thy love forget ;

Ne'er the tender mercy grieve
That upheld us when we prayed,
Nor the sacred promise break
That in danger's hour we made.

BURIAL AT SEA.

Down to unfathomed depths,
Where hidden fountains flow,
Alone, his dreary bed to find,
The child of earth must go.

For him no funeral bell
May weeping friends convene,
Nor dust to kindred dust be laid
Within the church-yard green.

Farewell! one heavy plunge!
One cleft in ocean's floor!
And then the deaf and sullen surge
Sweeps on, and all is o'er.

We give thee earnest charge,
Oh sad, and solemn deep,
Safe in thy cold and strong embrace
This precious form to keep ;

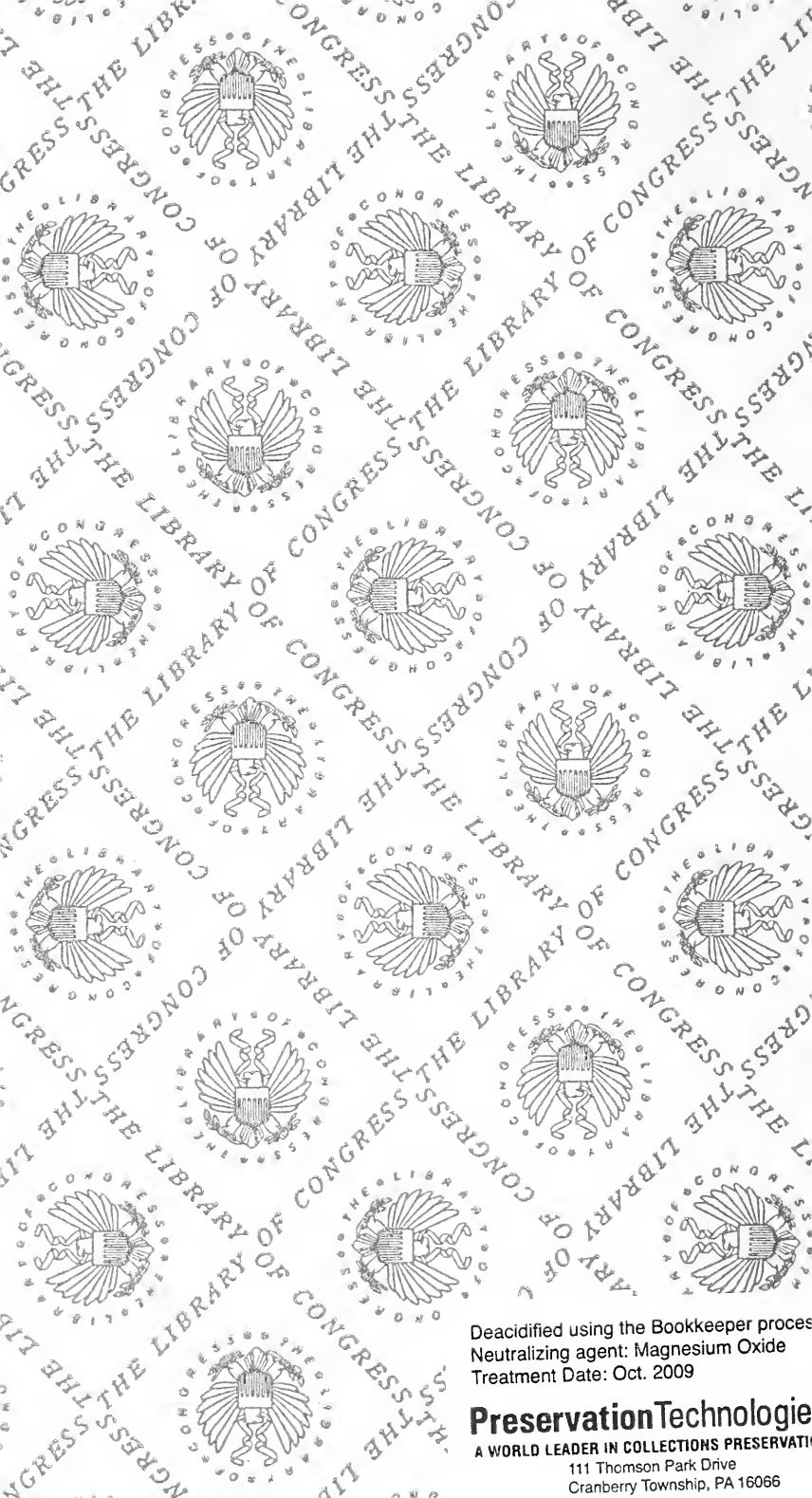
Till at the trumpet's sound,
Which fills the world with dread,
Thy caverns and the graves of earth
Shall render up their dead :

Then clothed in glorious light,
May this our friend arise,
And change thy dark, imprisoning cell,
For freedom in the skies.



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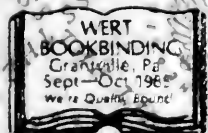
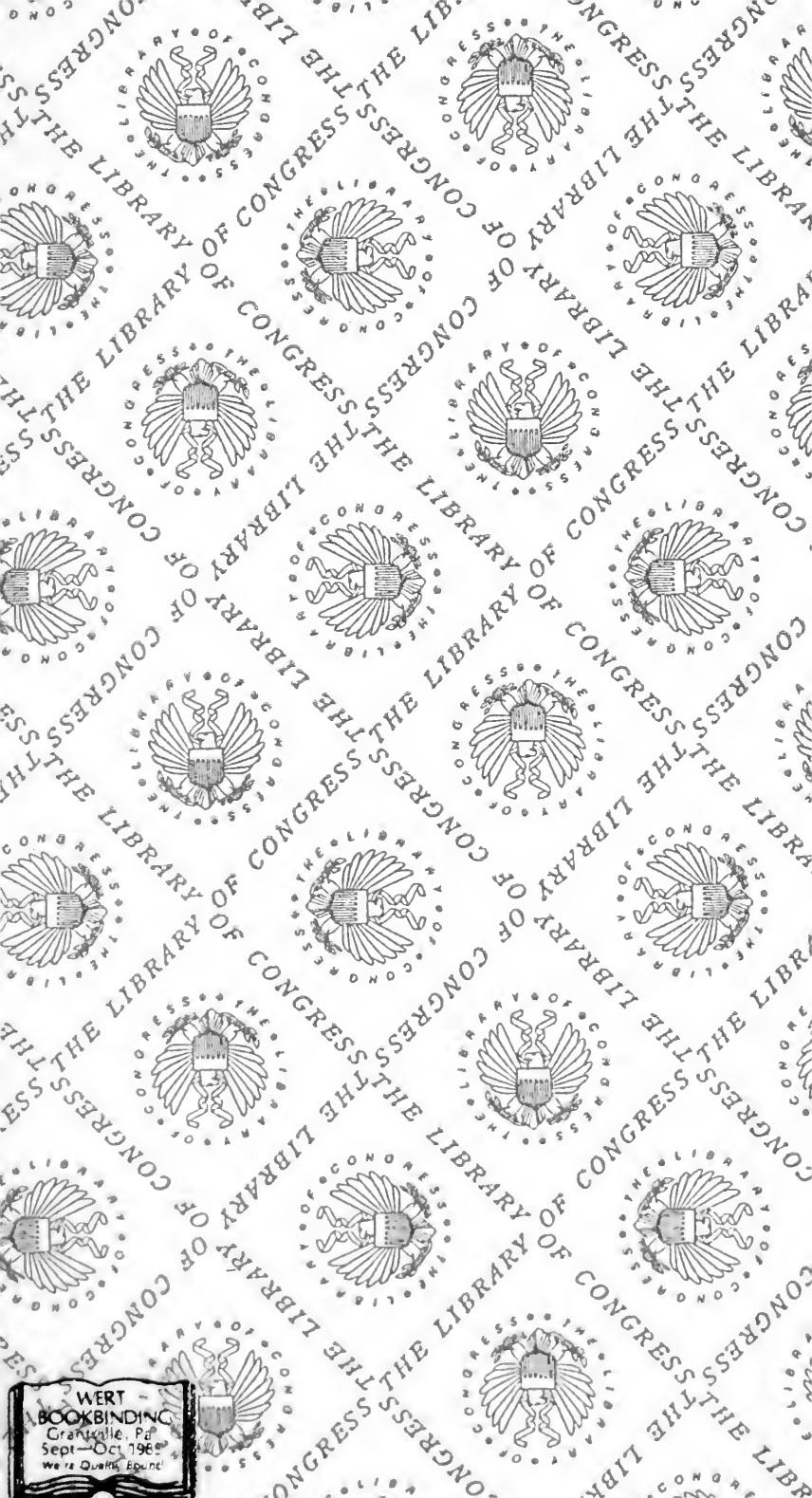




Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
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